"Laetitia!" she called. The damsel so addressed was, to all appearance, engaged with purely infantile implements in a purely infantile pastime.

only other visible human being.

"Hullo!" she responded with unfeminine brevity, and without looking up from her digging.

There's a man at the top of the

clift, and he's been staring at you for ever so long." Miss Laetitia Carstairs, B. Sc.,

dropped her spade where she sat, and, clasping her bear arms round her equally bare ankles, complacently surveyed the score or so of patches of dishevelled sandthat hore evidence of her diligence.

"Haven't I done a lot. Prue?" she demanded, ignoring the information just conveyed to her. "I ought to come on him soon, if I've any luck."

"But," pursued Prue, "there's that man, and that bathing dress of yours --- I'm not at all sure that it's-well, quite decent." Letty rose slowly, and her gray treasures.

eyes traveled demurely down to her bare pink toes. i've heard," she observed, "that

it's-well-'deuced becoming.' "Laetitia!"

"Oh! he didn't know I heard him." explained that damsel airily. "He!" ejaculated Prue.

"Even he," mimicked the girl, with a gay little laugh. "For you see, my dear Prue, there are such things as men in existence, and one occasionally comes across them, even on scien- Oh! did you see him?" She was down on her knees in an

instant, driving a rod into the yielding sand. "Certainly not," said her compan-

ion, severely; "if I had"-"There!" interrupted Laetitia tri- suggestive of tears in the fresh young umphantly, as with a quick deft voice. movement she hauled up her rod.

"Ish't he a beauty?" you meant the man!"

What man?" inquired Laetitia absently, as she carefully placed her ly. latest treasure in the bucket by her

essary comments on your get-up." Letty glanced casually over her shoulder at the offending male.

There's three hundred feet between us," she observed serenely. "H can't see much."

"If," said Prue, witheringly, "you

"That," interrupted Letty, shaking back the red-brown curls from dejected knight errant: her sun-kissed cheeks, "is my misfortune, not my fault. And Prue," on Friday-in search of more mon- you." she added teasingly, "there's noth- sters." ing like science for the complexion. cise."

fully, letting her gaze wander up the way, she omitted mentioning to Letty three hundred feet of precipitous that the young man possessed that as a matter of curiosity, what kind that she been "morally com- particular piece of information. pelled," as she herself expressed it. to descend. "What I really came to say was, how much longer are you

going to be?" Lastitia seized upon her bucket are you doing here?" and spade and executed a pas seul. mischievous childhood than a young

to find that Balanoglossus or die for bent, gave a distinit twinge to his it. Give me another hour, and then biological conscience. I'll come."

But barely half the time had queried the young man. clapsed before a shout mentally desstartled the stillness of the cove, and | you've nothing better to do." Lactitia, waving her arms frantically,

came dancing shorewards. him. Oh, I could just shout!" "You're doing that alread"," com-

mented Prue dryly.

titia. "if"----"No. I shouldn't, my dear. In the Actinia."

first place, I shouldn't spend a whole glorious summer day digging about from under his lids with a sudden, for a miserable"-

Lactitia loftily.

"Oh. go and get into your missing garments," besought Prue.

minutes. "clothed, and in her right | quarter of an hour. mind," as she laughingly declared; and together they commenced the a ray of hope. It might be all a ascent. It was by no means an easy mistake on his part, and any way to me all day?" she asked in dismay. climb, for, besides being very steep there was nothing to prevent his in places, the rocks had an uncom- searching for-Actinia. fortable trick of crumbling away even beneath their light weight. Ar- darkness of the Guliot Caves he ran rived at last to within ten feet of into Miss Laetitia Carstairs-and the road above, they came to a stand- alone, a fact he found peculiarly still simultaneously.

'Good gracious!" ejaculated Prue, while Lastitia merely whistled.

The man above raised his cap. "I've been waiting to help you as he lingered nearup." he explained; "if you'll allow

Prue regarded the smooth, steep

incline of rock with a blank stare; then turned wrathfully to Lastitia. "We-er-slid down," began that

young woman, a delicious dimple appearing in the small uplifted chin. "Exactly," agreed the young man,

his blue eyes twinkling; "but you can't slide up?"

"What do you propose to He swung himself over the railing

that guarded the unwary from traveling into another world, and clinging standing watching her, and fired with gether in the gathering dusk, he on with one hand reached down as far as he could with the other. Now," he directed, "go back as

swing you up.

tioned Latty.

Le admitted.

"You'll have to leave that—thing, of her dripping garments. whatever his name is, behind," announced Prue, with a touch of de-

lightful malice in her tones. "I'd sooner leave myself," asserted Letty indignantly. "Have you got a bit of string?' 'she asked.

He felt obediently in all his pockets, and finally produced a boot-lace. "Please be very careful," she pleaded, as she fixed the dangling end to the bucket, "and whatever you do, don't spill it."

Geoffrey Forsyth assured her earnestly that he would sooner spill his life's blood, but owing to his watching a pair of gray eyes and a little dimpled chin to the exclusion of everything else, the precious bucket bumped against a projecting rock. and lost a large proportion of its con-

tants. Letty's face was a study of mingled indignation and dismay.

"Oh," she cried, "I do hope the Balanoglossus hasn't gone! If it has -please help me up at once!"

She stepped back, and running a little way up the smooth incline caught his brown hand with hers. The fact that his clasp was closer than was absolutely necessary was lost on her as she seized upon her

When Prue arrived on the scene she was greeted by a wail of dismay.

"It's gone! Oh!"-this furiously to her rescuer, "I'll never forgive fessor's voice came echoing back to you, never!" He came towards her, looking

about as crestfallen as a man well could. "I'm awfully sorry," he began

apologetically. "Sorry," she echoed wrathfully, what's the good of being sorry?"

"Letty!" expostulated Prue. "Well! I-I-Oh! its' too pad. And the professor's coming to"-To the young man it seemed improbable, almost incredible even, but there really was something curiously

"Laetitia!" said Prue, attempting to be severe, "you seem to forget "Good gracious, child. I thought that we might have been left down There's the very mesemb"there all night, but for Mr."-

Letty tossed her head.

"The man who made quite unnec-sary comments on your get-up."
"I'm very much obliged to you,
Mr. Forsyth," she said chillily.
"Good evening," and picking up her bucket and spade she walked off. leaving Prue to "do the grateful," as she mentally ejaculated.

"Forsyth," he prompted, dejected-

this unexpected chance of making the something I understand." are referring to your garments, that's acquaintance of his "gray-eyed ditrue. They can't be said to be exact- vinity," was left inwardly cursing all quired, a trifle sarcastically. ly voluminous. Really, your appear- things. Then the usually reitcent Prue did a strange thing, for she ob- replied calmly. served, as she shook hands with the

"Thank you so much," he said you don't know me." It keeps you out in all weathers, you with straightforward candor. And see, and gives you plenty of exer- Prue, despite her thirty years, blushed. Possibly she was dimly "It does that," admitted Prue rue- conscious of ulterior motives. Any-

II.

"Hullo, Uncle! What in the world

"Come to that," said the professor looking more like an embodiment of genially, "what are you doing here?" As a matter of fact, he was not woman who had earned the right to particularly interested in what his the magic letters B. Sc. after her nephew might or might not be doing, but he was unused to subterfuge, "Prue," she declared breathlessly, and the consciousness that he was when she had finished. "I'm going not, as usual, altogether on science

"Specimen hunting, I suppose?"

"Why, yes," admitted the profesignated as "Red Indian" by Prue, sor. "Care to join me? That is, if

"Prue," she cried. "I've found stantly aroused the suspicions of his no reply. keen-sighted nephew, "fact is, there's a former student of mine presently. here, a Miss Carstairs. I'm expect-"So would you!" retorted Lae- ing to meet her to-morrow. We propose to explore the Guliot Caves for

Forsyth surveyed the professor new interest. It was true that he "He's the missing link," began was forty-five, and she was probably two or three and twenty, but-

"I don't think I can come to-morrow," was all he said, and he strolled human nature leads me to imagine Letty dived obediently into a cave, out into the garden of the little hotel you'll see no more of the professor

But the morning sunlight brought to be content with me."

On rounding a corner in the semicomforting.

added with frank unconventionality, "I suppose you're Actinia-hunting,

ones here."

help you?" his voice.

"Oh!" she said icily, "it's you." "Mayn't I help you?" he asked going to be just pals, aren't we?" eagerly. "To lose them?" she suggested reason, sighed softly.

"No," admitted Prue, after a long cruelly. "No, thank you. I wouldn't marched on.

She was quite aware that he was the determination to make a digni- asked, looking down on her: fied retreat, she forgot that in the | "Well, what's the program for to-Guliot Caves it behooves one to fol- morrow.? You can't spoil sport, you arms. far as you can and get a bit of a low the advice of the Apostle, and know, so shall it be science-or me? run, and I'll catch your nand and walk circumspectly. A moment For an instant she hesitated, and later there was a plunge, a little hiss he caught her hands triumphantly "Isn't that rather risky?" ques- as her candle spluttered out in the in his own. water, a smothered, inarticulate cry, "She who hesitates is lost," he

od then a cheery "I'm coming!" quoted gayly; "I'll come for you at doubt the most traveled dog in the men to suicide.

"Railroad Jack, who was without per of old mai doubt the most traveled dog in the men to suicide. "It would be-if you priled me and then a cheery "I'm coming!"

when at length he had succeeded in dragging her out of the pool. whose smooth, slippery sides would, she knew, have defied her unaided ef-

"I apologize," he replied gravely as he wrung some of the water out "Don't be absurd," she snapped.

Then, after a pause. "Of course. I ought to thank you."

"Not at all," he said imperturably, and, taking a leaf out of her book, remained serenely silent, well aware that she could not descend from her perch without his aid, and determined not to proffer it.

"Well-thank you," she said at last, almost meekly; then flashed out illogically, "Though it was all your fault. And now would you mind helping me down?"

"On one condition," he laughed; "that you let me follow you around and see that you don't make any further attempts on your life." And she had no choice but to assent.

Half an hour later he was wondering, as he obediently held the candle and watched the deft, skilful movements of her white fingers, what his next step should be in the thawing of this scientific icicle, when Fate kindly intervened and took the step for him.

'Where's the professor?" he asked. He had already explained the relationship between them.) "Oh, somewhere about," she an-

swered vaguely. "He's on the lookout for a"-"Spare me, please," he laughed. And at that very moment, as they turned another corner in the intricacies of the wonderful caves, the pro-

them: "Dearest Prue, you must know I love you." "It seems," said Letty roguishly, and the dimples came back into her face as if by magic, "it seems he was

on the lookout for-a wife." Then she doubled back into the cave they had just quitted, and, sitting down on a rock, laughed immoderately. Geoffrey Forsyth, with a sigh of intense relief, sat down beside her. But in the midst of her laughter her eye was caught by a small, shining object on the dark, dark wall of the cave.

"Why," she cried, springing to her feet. "how could I have missed him!

"The mesemb-whatever its end may be, can wait," he said firmly, drawing her back on to the ledge beside him.

She was so surprised at this sudden masterfulness in one hitherto so meek that she actually did sit down. "It's my turn now," he asserted: 'you've been hours pottering round after creatures with impossible And Geoffrey Forsyth, who had names, and I've been a miracle of pabeen thanking his lucky stars for tience. Now I want to talk about

> "And what may that be?" she in-"I want to make love to you," he

"But," she objected, after the first gasp of surprise at his audacity, "but "We are going to explore the caves I don't want to be made love to-by

"That," he asserted, "is because She laughed in spite of herself

"Modesty will never be your ruin, Mr. Forsyth." "I don't want it to be," he admitted candidly. "Now tell me, just

of a man do you like?" "One who knows what he wants and gets it," she said succinctly. her sense of humor caused her to regard with infinite amusement.

"Well," replied her companion, at her so expressively that she promptly ejaculated-

"I imagine you won't get it."

referring to." "Oh!" she said, and then added that. Men are always thinking

about things to eat." "Except when they are thinking about the woman they love," he sup-

with a would-be nonchalance that in- plemented. To which she deigned again. After a long time she heard a difficulty at once presented itself, "May I begin now?" he asked

> "How can you be so absurd?" she demanded. "Why, you've only known me a week.

> "But a week of this is equivalent to a year of ordinary 'knowing,' " he reminded her.

"I suppose," she said with a sigh, 'it's no good asking you to leave off.' "Not a bit," he returned cheerfully, "and as my knowledge of reappearing in something under five and had a very bad, and rather long, and Miss Carlyle for the rest of the day, you'd best make up your mind

"And are you going to make love He dropped into sudden gravity, and for a moment she saw the real

man, and was startled. "Dearest," he said gently, and his very voice seemed to have changed, rocks seemed to be crying, "Harold! cause that is so, I am not going to do "I beg your pardon," said both si- anything to vex you. I am not even multaneously, and presently she going to speak of my love, only I tance. want you not to quite forget it. Will you promise?"

But Letty for once had nothing to too? There are some awfully rare say. He took her hand and kissed it, then relapsing into his normal gen-"I should be delighted if I might iality, said quite simply and naturally, "Now, shall we go out and ex-She turned swiftly at the sound of | plore? There are some quite fascinating 'bits' in this dot of an island. Come along," reassuringly, "we are And Letty, for some inexplicable

But he kept his word rigorously, think of troubling you," and with and was all day no more than a quite her small head very erect she delightful pal-the adjective was Letty's own.

At the end of it, as they stood to

For the Younger Children.

THE WAY OF A BOY.

At night, and strokes and smooths my

When mother sits beside my bed

How naughty I have been all day;

And how I smashed a window-light

A-rassling-me and Bobby White-And tore my pants and told a lie;

almost makes me want to cry

When mother pats and kisses me; I'm just as sory as can be. But I don't tell her so—no, social

whooped wildly.

She knows it all; you can't fool her.

-M. C. Watson, in Good Housekeeping.

A LITTLE BIRD TOLD HIM.

Of how I waded in the brook, And of the cookies that I took

country, was chloroformed this morning at Lindy's stables, this step being necessary owing to his infirmities. He was nineteen years old, and up to five years ago his life had been spent in traveling about the country on railroad trains. He was known to

every railroad man throughout the

Eastern States.

Jack was started on his travels about seventeen years ago by Station Master John Kelly. In speaking of it this morning Mr. Kelly said: "He was the most knowing animal I ever saw. He would jump into a baggage car and ride to Saratoga. He would stay around Saratoga for a Little Mrs. Bird built her nest in time and then take a train to Round the apple tree near the kitchen door, and before her children were half Lake, where he would stay over Sungrown Mr. Thomas Cat ate them day, returning here Monday morning. every one. Mrs. Bird fluttered among Next he would be on the train runthe leaves of the apple tree, and cried ning to Albany, where he would for a whole day. Then she went board a West Shore train and ride down into the corner of the orchard to Weehawken. He would cross on and built another nest. But Master the ferry to New York and go to the Tommy Spratt found it, and took all Grand Central station, where he the eggs away. Mrs. Bird cried over would jump into the baggage car of the empty nest all day. Then she a New York Central train bound for went far, far away into the woods, Albany.

"He never missed getting on the and built another nest in a thorn tree. right train, no matter where he was. One morning, while she was sitting peacefully on her eggs in the nest in He traveled from Troy to Boston, the thorn-tree, she heard footsteps sometimes going through and at on the stones below. She looked other times stopping off at various over the edge of the nest with stations. Jack would go as far as startled eyes. At first she did not Washington and return over the know whether to be afraid or not. Pennsylvania Railroad. He always knew where he was going. One of The creature she saw had on a very short dress, but it also wore a small, his favorite rides was from Albany to Binghamton. It must be five Bird did not know whether it was a years ago since Jack gave up travelgirl or a boy. Girls were harmless | ing on the railroads, for he was then

Since his retirement from railroad life Jack has been taken care of by "Oh me! oh, me! it is a boy!" employes of the Westcott Express

round straw hat and short hair. Mrs.

creatures, she knew. Suddenly the getting quite old." creaure jumped over a log and



WHERE IS THE SQUIRE'S DAUGHTER? -Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

thinking of the professor and the shricked poor Mrs. Bird. She sprang | Company. It is said that Jack had trick he had played on her, a trick from the nest and darted through the visited almost every State in the branches around and around her Union. The exact truth was known nest, screaming and scolding furious- only to the traveler himself, and he

"I know what I want." and he looked | Foolish Mrs. Bird! Why, almost | speech among his other accomplishany boy in the world would have ments .- Troy Times. been sure, from the noise she made, that she had a nest hidden there. "Do you think not?" he inquired But this boy did not know it. He was regretfully. "It was luncheon I was a very young boy, far too young to tell the truth, he had run away; and, a little outing not long ago. Upon

quite lost. The boy walked on past the tree; and, after a little. Mrs. Bird lost sight | fished for an hour or two. of him, and settled quietly down lost, and was sobbing bitterly. He sent the idea of going into harness was so tired and blinded with cry- again. ing that he tottered as he walked; and, when he had reached the tree disgust, sat down in the road. where Mrs. Bird had her nest, he dropped in a weary, muddy little heap | Bill," said he.

on the dead leaves, and fell asleep. Mrs. Bird screamed and scolded and darted about the tree, swooping | yawn!"-Harper's Weekly. so low that her wings almost brushed the boy's head; but he did not hear

her. Bird heard other strange sounds. | pers is much appreciated by the peo-She heard voices calling. "Harold! Harold! Harold!" and the echoes caught up the words and tossed them back and forth until the trees and "dearest, I love you. But just be- | Harold!" too. But Harold did not hear. He was too sound asleep. Soon two figures appeared in the dis-

"More boys! more boys!" shrieked Mrs. Bird. "Oh, my poor eggs!

What shall I do?" They were very large boys. We should have called them men, but the least .- Pratt Union. Mrs. Bird did not know the difference. She was afraid of anything that wore trousers and short hair and a small, round straw hat. Suddenly one of the men stopped

and caught the other by the arm.
"Listen, Charlie!" he cried. "Do you hear that bird scolding down yonder in the thicket?" "Yes, what of it?" said the other.

may be the boy. Let us see."

"P-papa, how d-did you know ily, when he awoke a moment later pray for rain."-Detroit Free Press. to find himself safe in his father's "Oh. a little bird told me," answered papa, laughing.

RAILROAD JACK.

did not include the gift of articulate

The Only Opening. The story is told of two Trenton be wandering in the woods alone. To men who hired a horse and trap for scornfully-"I might have known although he did not know it, he was reaching their destination the horse was unharnessed and permitted peacefully to graze while the men

When they were ready to go home a queer noise, and, peeping over the inasmuch as neither of the Trentonedge of the nest she saw the boy com- ians knew how to reharness the ing back again. His hat was gone, horse. Every effort in this direction his feet were covered with mud, his met with dire failure, and the worst hands and face scratched with briars, problem was properly to adjust the and he had discovered that he was bit. The horse himself seemed to re-

Finally one of the friends, in great "There's only one thing we can do,

"Wait for the foolish beast to

"What's that?" asked Bill.

Gulls Destroying Grasshoppers.

The great flock of sea gulls that is Presently poor, distracted Mrs. clearing luka township of grasshopple up there. While driving in that township Sunday we saw at some distance what seemed to be a big lot of new tin cans stretched across a quarter section of land. Presently we discovered there was life and activity in the white objects glistening in the sunlight, and then we discovered it to be countless thousands of sea gulls stretched across the fields and catching hoppers and bugs. They were not wild, as one could drive with a few rods of them and not disturb them in

Why She Wanted Rain.

"That was a tender-hearted young lady who stopped and spoke to me after the services to-day," observed the rector. "She seemed to be filled with sympathy for the farmers, for she asked me to pray for rain." "Who? That Vibbers girl?" asks the rector's wife. "If she isn't the "Something has disturbed her. It hypocrite! Why, I saw her buying fancy silk hosiery at a bargain sale where I was?" asked Harold, sleep- yesterday. And she wants you to

When a woman has reached the age of forty-five in Japan and is unmarry. This plan reduces the num-"Railread Jack," who was without ber of old maids, but forces many

EPWORTH LEAGUE LESSONS

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 2.

Temptations and How to Meet Them

Matt. 4. 3-11.

Daily Readings.

The sphere of temptation.- 1 John 2. 15. 16. How they work .- James 1. 13-15.

A cheering promise to ... e tempted. -I Cor. 10. 13. How to endure to the end .- Heb.

The snare of plenty .- Deut. 8. 11-

Do not choose bad companions .-Prov. 1. 10-14. Topic-Temptations and How to

Meet Them .- Matt. 4 3-11. It must be that temptations come. It is in the case, essentially. Temptation grows out of our moral freedom, which is the supreme attribute of human nature. Without this endowment, as says Dr. Austin Phelps, "a man would have no right to say I. Without it a humming bird is his equal: with it he is kindred of the angels." Further, he says: "Few men can stand on the summit of a lofty tower without a momentary sense of peril in the consciousness of power to plunge himself headlong. A special police guard the Column Vendome, in Paris, to prevent that form of suicide. So fascinating, often, is the power to do an evil deed." Temptation is solicitation to exercise this godlike power of choice in ways forbidden by

highest wisdom, by God himself. There are two main sources of evil prompting and solicitation. "A man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lusts." James said. That, of course, is true. "I fear most of all," said Luther (was it?), "the great pope inside, Myself." There is, according to Scripture, from Genesis to Revelation, another source of temptation: namely, the evil personality we call the devil, or Satan. "He goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour." "He has many wiles, even appearing as an angel of light, sometimes, perhaps oftenest so -at least when he tempts people who mean to do right. Besides this evil, invisible personality there are multifudious sources of temptation in the world. Evil persons tempt us to do wrong. The pressure of life's necessities, or its fancied needs, is heavy upon us. Men lie, steal, forge for

DECEMBER SECOND. Courage or Cowardice—Which?—Luke

12:4, 5; Gal. 1:9-12; Jer. 1:6-10, 17. Much fighting-among men and na-

cowardly to stand by the principles of peace (Luke 12:4). "He's not afraid of anything," we say in admiration; but a well-bestowed fear is one of the most valuable human qualities (Luke 12:5).

Pleasing men is well enough if it is a by-product of our lives, and not the main product (Gal. 1:10). Consciousness of God's presence is the bad man's prison and the good

Suggestions. The word "courage" comes from the Latin word cor, heart. Whatever the appearance, a man is courageous if his heart is brave.

The most valiant exercise of courage is manfully to grapple with one's dearest sins and tear them out of one's life.

No one is likely to have the true courage if he admires the false courage. Spiritual courage is helped by phy-

sical courage, but physical courage cannot endure at all without spiritual courage.

ago.

courtyard.

man's fortress (Jer. 1:8).

Illustrations. "Your face is pale," sneered one soldier to another. "Yes," he answered; "if you were as much afraid as I am, you would have run long

A Quaker often shows more courage by refusing to go to war than a soldier in the hottest battle. Peter, who whipped out his sword in Gethsemane, shrank from a wo-

Perhaps Paul's most courageous act was in continuing his journey to Jerusalem in spite of his friends' prayers, well knowing what fate awaited him there.

Am I afraid of the right things?

Am I bold where Christ wants me bold? Is my courage firmly based upon Christian faith? Courage consists not in blindly overlooking danger, but in seeing it

and conquering it.-Richter. Courage without discipline is nearer beastliness than manhood.—Sir Philip Sidney. Courage is always greatest when blended with meekness.-Chapin.

not the coward's excuse.-Plutarch. Oddest of All Preserves. Perhaps the oddest of all jams some of which is imported into this country) is made from a red pulp obtained from the seed-vessels of the common wild rose of Europe. It is prick-red in color and, as might be imagined, is in flavor entirely unlike any other known kind of preserve.

In parts of the South what is known

is "peach leather" is made from

peach juice, which is put into bright

pans and dried in the sun. In the

dry state it looks a good deal like leather, and is eaten without further preparation, keeping for an indefinite There is commonly manufactured in Turkey a similar product from grapes, he juice being evaporated to the consistency of molasses. Some flour is mixed with it, and the stuff is spread in thin sheets upon muslin, being

then exposed to sunshine for a couple of days. In the same Oriental country walauts are commonly strung upon twine, and after coating them with a mixture of grape, molasses and sugar are dried. Travellers bound on long journeys frequently carry these strings of nuts, which afford much nourishment in concentrated shape.

In California a delicious syrup is married the authorities pick out a made from orange juice, which, of husband for her and compel them to course, is quite rich in sugar. And in Virginia watermelon syrup, which is said to be particularly delicious, is not unknown as a local product.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COM-MENTS FOR DECEMBER 2.

Subject: Jesus Before Pilate, Luke xxiii., 13-25-Golden Text, Lu 21 xxiii., 4-Memory Verses, 20/ -Commentary.

Jesus I. Pilate endeavors to release ontius (vs. 13-17). 13. "Pilate." Pat and Pilate belonged to an anciefiled to-knightly Roman family. "Cafe rulers gether." Pilate summons thone that and the people. 14. "As as taught perverteth." As one that 'r religion. doctrines injurious to you the first "Having examined." At at could be "Having examined." At at could be trial he had heard all the "No fault." brought against Him. ove a single They had failed to pr

charge. 15. "Nor yet Herod." Christ had Galilee and traveled extensively ir charge. "He yet Herod brings nof" (R. V.) This sent Him Lack un's us coquittal. "Is of death hath been flone by Him."

film." R. V. John says 16. "Charite Vesus and scourged that Pilate took As not cone until a Him; but this wald release Him." little later. "Anat when they saw Pilate hould thinkey would be satis-Jesus scourged they were clamoring fied, but not so; and nothing short of for His blood, amound satisfy them.

th on a cross whease one." This 17. "Must rely the Revised Ververse is omitted in parallel accounts. sion. But see inc of the Jews (vs. II. The clamo's excised out." The 18-23). 18. "They be people (Mark chief priests moved the An insurrec-An insurrec-15:11). "Barabbas." 15:11). "Barabbas." murderer. tionist, a robber and a Insurrection.

Matthew says he was beginte he prisoner. In some manu esus." cailed Josus Barabbas. 20. "Willing to release e that the was probable at this timicate's wife me onler came from Pilrelease of (Matt. 21:19) urging the e proposal Jesus. Pilate repeated thi

t Him die

of verse 16.

21. "Crucify Him." Le possible. the most ignominious death coording Had the Jews executed Him a ophets to their law against faise pr and blasphemers they would y atstoned Him, as they repeated with stephen. His prophecy of crucifi He should be put to death, as He actuan ly was, on a charge of high treaso against the Roman government. can hardly be supposed that these people who were crying, "Crucify Him," were the same people who had brought Jesus into the city the Sunday before with shouts of hosanna. This was a Jewish mob urged on by the authorities; that was no doubt

largely a Galilean crowd 22. "What evil hath He done." How many and what various persons bear testimony to the innocence of the Holy One - Pilate, Herod, Pitions—is simply because men are too late's wife, the thief on the cross, and the centurion at the crucifixion. "And let Him go." Pilate is laboring hard to release Him: he could have ended this whole matter with one word. It was at this juncture that Pilate asked, What shall I do then with Jesus, which is called Christ? This is a question every person must answer. 1. Every person must accept. or reject Him. 2. Rejecting Christ is the great sin of the world. we reject Him here we shall be rejected by Him hereafter.

23. "Instant." Insistent, urgent. "Prevailed." The reason why he finally yielded seems to have been the one given in John 19.12, "If thou let this man go, thou art not Caesar's friend." But Pilate gained nothing even with Caesar, for he was soon recalled, degraded and banished to Gaul, where he committed suicide. III. Pilate pronounces the death

sentence (vs. 24, 25). 24. "Pilate gave sentence." Before Pilate pronounced the sentence he took water and washed his hands publicly, thus expressing in acts what he uttered in words. "I am innocent of the blood of this just person; see ye to it" (Matt. 27:24). The people accept the responsibility and cry, "His blood be on us, and on our children." That blood was upon them, not as vengeance, but as a natural consequence of their conduct Within forty years the city was destroyed amid scenes of cruelty which defy description. No history can furnish us with a parallel to the calamities and miseries of the Jews at that time. There was rapine, murman's tongue in the high priest's der, famine, pestilence and all the horrors of war. The account given by Josephus is heart-rending. Pilate again ascends the judgment seat, which was set up in a raised place in the open square, and delivers his final decree. 25. "He delivered Jesus to their will." Jesus is now mocked the third time, about 8 o'clock, Friday morning, in the court of Pilate's palace. See Matt. 27:26-30; Mark 15: 15-19; John 19:1-3. When Jesus is brought out before them. Pilate makes one last effort to release Him (John 19:4-15). Now it is that he permits Jesus to be scourged, hoping that will satisfy them; but the cry is still. "Crucify Him," and He is taken back into the court and His own clothes are put upon Him. It was at this time that Pilate said. "Behold. God is the brave man's hope and the man!" And well may we stop and behold Him. He was "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief" (Isa. 53:3). In Him we see a perfect exhibition of meekness and love and a perfect example for us to follow. He was the God-man and as such made the great atonement for

the redemption of mankind. There's a deal of difference between using the Bible as a text-book

of life and as a book of texts.

PROLONGING TOMATO SEASON. Here's a capital idea for prolonging the tomato season that may profitably be pasted in the scrap-book of reminders for next-season. It is quite another principal of cutting up sweet corn that happens to be overtaken by frost and stacking it away in the shed where it will continue to supply the home table after the season proper has closed. The tomato idea is suggested by a writer in "Country Gent-

leman," who says:-"An old neighbor told us how to save our tomatoes after the frost. So last year we planted some a bit later than usual, and just before frost we pulled all, taking care to knock off as few tomatoes as possible. These plants were hung in the stable on poles where the sun shone on them for an hour or so a day. We hung ten large plants, and picked enough fruit for a family of four up to Thanksgiving dinner."

London's population doubles in about forty-five years.